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Building the American Nation.

AN ALLEGORY.











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R. G. O'BRIEN
II

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BUILDING THE AMERICAN NATION

AN ALLEGORY

The following characters will appear in the Allegory
Elegantly Costumed:

Indian Princess.	Princess' Attendants.
Indian Soothsayer.	Indian Warrior.
Indian Band.	Christopher Columbus.
Pilgrims.	Revolutionary Soldiers.
Truth and Justice.	Spanish Sailors.
Army of the Potomac.	Floral Department.
President Washington.	Sherman's Bummers.
United States of America, represented by 37 young Ladies.	Goddess of Liberty.
War.	German.
Military Company.	Irishman.
Peace.	Negro Man.
	Negro Boy.
	Messengers.

All the above characters will be grouped in a final tableau.



PART I.

SCENE I.

INTRODUCTION:—*Scene on the Island discovered by Columbus—Group of Indians worshipping the rising sun.*

SOOTHSAYER.

Again the god of day ascends,
And to the earth his glory lends;
Yet in my soul keen whispers thrill
Of coming change for good or ill.
Long have I studied cloud and star,
And watched the blue sea heave afar;
Long have I scanned the leaf and shell,
The sky's wild flame, the storm's deep swell,
And as each sign is caught and read,
The more I see, the more I dread.
Young Mistress, pardon, if I think
This isle is but a seeming brink.
Why is it that the lightning gleams?
Why comes the spirits in our dreams?
Prithee, off to the craggy beach
Send one whose eagle eye will reach
Far, far to sea.

PRINCESS.

(*To Warrior*)

Enough, go you,
And watch the line where blue meets blue.

(*Exit Warrior*)

Strange weeds float sometimes to the shore;
And we dare slight no old man's lore.

SOOTHSAYER

Thanks, Princess.

PRINCESS.

What a smiling, beauteous day,
Too grand for fears that vanish like the spray.
Glancing and fading where the light canoe
Curls the clear wave and darts the inlet through.
Let the soft note of music calm the soul;
A song may quell what kings cannot contrôl.
Why tremble while this tropic fruitage grows,
While Autumn brings us rain, or Spring a rose.

INDIAN MAIDEN'S SONG.

Music: "Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer."

All hail the rich and leaping light,
Bathed in odors from the night;
The dewy breeze, the luscious air,
The blue sky deep and rare.
Oh, heed not omens dim and strange,
'Tis the sunlight guards each change.
'Tis the sunlight guards each change.
Bring from the sea its tinted shell,
Let that its message tell to me,
Hope on, dream on, ye trustful band,
The starlight sways the sea,
Sunlight guards the land,
The flowery land.

(Enter Warrior)

WARRIOR

Princess, my startled blood beats fast,
My brain whirls round with tidings vast!
The sky seems rent, for glorious men
Stand on the shore beyond the glen.
Their shining beards and faces fair
With dream-gods only can compare.
They step like leopards, full and free,
Yet pray and chant on bended knee.
Behind them huge birds rise and dip,
Upon the billow's wondering lip;
Their armour glitters, and their spears
Spit fire and smoke; the dove that veers
High in the air falls at their feet
Dappled with blood! How shall we meet
Such angels, men, whate'er they be,
So potent, terrible to see?

(Enter Columbus, attended by Spanish sailors. Music:
"Hail Columbia.")

COLUMBUS.

A weaver's son has destiny sent
To give the world a continent!
My dream for years has been to guide
My ships on—on—and there they ride
In bays that now first touch a keel,
Near shores where first now Christians kneel.
For this I haunted kingly court,
For this did argue, plead, exhort,
For this my wavering sailors served
Lest they from faith and duty swerved.

This empire still a mystery stands,
Yet it exists, and now clasps hands
With the rich East, where titled men
Scoffed at the workman's humble pen.
I knew this great west lived, and care
Naught if another's name it bears.
Replace your jewels, gentle maids,
Fear not the race that now invades
Your flower-decked isle; yet cease to pray
To yon gold globe that floods the day.
You worship but a flaming clod,
And not the All-creating God!
Adieu! Come prospering tides and gales
When forth to Spain this great news sails.

(Exit Columbus and sailors)

PRINCESS.

Away, away, that man was born a king.
His eye burns like a star. He needs no wing
To soar across the earth; his barges mock
The lashing ocean and the black-ribbed rock.
Perhaps in other orbs, he, too, may find,
As we do now, a new and master mind.
Life's riddle is not solved, but deeper grows;
Our past is crushed: the future no one knows.

SOOTHSAYER.

Go all, poor helpless birds, your race is run.
Our God, henceforth, must be the setting sun.

(Exit Indians)

SCENE II.

(Enter Pilgrims)

THE CHAPLAIN'S ADDRESS.

The religion of peace, the pure word of God,
Without any liturgy, emblem or rod;
Faith in the Savior, and the praise of His name,
Was the cause of our suffering in exile and pain.
Elizabeth was cruel; and a tyrant at heart,
She governed our worship with *fiendish* art;
And James was *more* cruel and unjust than she
Who forbade us the worship—Oh, God, of Thee!
The maxims of monarchs gave us nothing to hope;
Against kingly power we had no strength to cope.
Bereft we were of kindred and home
And driven as pilgrims o'er the wide world to roam.
In England persecution, in Holland despair;
Our hearts were sore troubled, for no rest was there.
But the Cov'nant was with us, by night as by day,
We were led by God's hand through every dark way
To the land of His promise, no further to roam,
The *Pilgrim's safe harbor*, Plymouth Rock, our home.

SONG.

Air: “*The Pilgrim Fathers.*”

The breaking waves dashed high on a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky their giant branches tossed,
And the heavy night hung dark the hills and waters o'er,
When this band of exiles moored their bark on the wild
New England shore.

Not as conqueror we the true hearted came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drum, or the trumpets that
sing of fame;

Not as the flying come, in silence and in fear,
We shook the depths of the desert's gloom with our hymns
of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm we sung! And the stars heard and the
sea!

And the sounding isle of the dim woods rang to the anthem
of the free!

The ocean eagle soared from his nest by the white wave's
foam,

And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd—this is our
welcome home!

What sought we thus afar? Bright jewels of the mine,
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? We sought a faith's
pure shrine.

Aye! Call it holy ground, the spot where first we trod.
We'll leave unstained what here we found—freedom to wor-
ship God!

(Exit Pilgrims)

SCENE III.

(Enter guard of Continental soldiers—President George Washington—Little girls with floral gifts.)

WASHINGTON.

(His Farewell Address).

Friends and fellow citizens: Again the event
Arrives that seals your choice for President.
I sought retirement, and the nation's need,
Alone, from quietude my steps could lead.
The country prospers, while increasing years
Bid me henceforth seek rest. I feel no fears
Of any harm to our victorious land,

If we, as now, in faith and valor stand.
To solemn contemplation I impart
Such farewell words as struggle in my heart.
Your unity is vital: Kill the germ
Of any thought aimed at its deathless term.
North, South, East, West, in interest are the same,
And all Americans—how proud the name!
You need no mighty armies; they pertain
Not to our rule; from sectional lines abstain;
In INTIMATE UNION, only, can you hope
To test your freedom in its mighty scope.
The people sway, yet swerve; they build and ward,
And must from specious faction always guard.
Be not too quick to change; time honored use
Is deeply rooted. Partisan abuse
Is one great peril; fire should warm, not burn;
And reckless leaders but disaster earn.
Religion and morality defend.
Cherish your credit; taxes cannot end.
Be just to other nations, hating none,
Nor favoring any, this deep danger shun.
They rest on thrones; their paths and yours, distinct,
Lead not the same way, never can be linked.
And now I go in pride without alloy,
Our common noble freedom to enjoy. (*Exit Little Girls*)

(*Enter Goddess of Liberty, Truth and Justice*)

Grateful and blest that I have lived to see
These three allied—Truth, Justice, Liberty.

(*Exit Washington, Goddess of Liberty, Truth, Justice and
Guard*)

(*Enter States (37), Goddess of Liberty, Truth and Justice*)

GRAND CHORUS.

Air: March in "Norma."

Raise the song, raise the song, raise the song,
Raise with grateful hearts the thankful song of praise,
All the gifts of earth, here, by right of birth
Springing, blooming, gushing, flowing, crown the cup.
Then impart thou the blessing sent by Heaven,
With gentle hand and drooping soul sustaining;
Raise thy voice, till to every man shall equal rights be
given,
Till in thy universal reign the world be blest.

Semi-Chorus.

All hail to thee, O, Liberty!
With every bliss on earth abounding,
All good the patriot heart desires
Is here thy path surrounding.

LIBERTY.

Well done, all my children; 'your steps and your voices
Make *glad all* the hearts that love freedom and truth!'
Beneath your glad smiles all the wide *world* rejoices,
And the *old* turn again to the glory of youth.

Still shine like a star to the souls that lie mourning,
And *pierce* with your brightness oppression's *dark* night
In peace or in war—still with *loathing* and *scorning*,
Dash off every charm that would fetter your might.

SONG OF TRUTH AND JUSTICE.

Air: "Yankee Doodle."

Song—

We stand together hand in hand,
As we have stood for ages,
To battle for the right, while might
Against us vainly rages.

Chorus—

Let the mighty despots rage
We will serve them never;
Truth and Justice lead the way
And be our guide forever.

Song—

We stand beside our Royal Queen
As fearless and undaunted
As when upon New England's Rock
By her our feet were planted.

Chorus—

Truth and Justice and our Queen
Shall be conquered never;
We will follow where they lead
And be victorious ever.

RESPONSE OF THE ORIGINAL THIRTEEN STATES.

(By one of their number)

Our memories upon the past we firmly fix,
And glory in the deeds and spirit of '76
When, "with a firm reliance
On the protection of Divine Providence,
We mutually pledge to each other
Our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor,"
That we might "secure the blessing of *liberty*
To ourselves and to our *posterity*,
Ordain and establish" the Great Republic.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Air: "Viva L'America."

Noble Republic! happiest of lands!
Foremost of nations Columbia stands;
Freedom's proud banner floats in the skies,
Where shouts of liberty daily arise.
"United we stand, divided we fall,"
Union forever, freedom to all.
Throughout the world our motto shall be
Viva L'America, home of the free!

Chorus—

Throughout the world our motto shall be,
Viva L'America, home of the free!

Should ever traitor rise in the land,
Cursed be his homestead, withered his hand,
Shame be his memory, scorn be his lot—
Exile his heritage, his name a blot!

"United we stand, divided we fall,"
Union forever, freedom to all.
Throughout the world our motto shall be,
Viva L'America, flag of the free.

Chorus—

Throughout the wide world our motto shall be,
Viva L'America, home of the free.

RESPONSE BY THE OTHER STATES.

(By one of their number).

While we have not the record, the history nor the pride,
That belongs to the old States and with them abide,
The Spirit of Freedom shall be ours evermore,
As we add to their strength these loyal twenty-four.
Now across the broad Atlantic we stretch our iron band,
And speak to other powers by a motion of the hand;
Who our Standard now revere, on land and on the sea,
As the emblem of progress, "The Flag of the Free."

SONG—"FLAG OF THE FREE."

Air: "March from Lohengrin."

Flag of the free; all hail to thee!
Borne thro' the strife and the thunder of war;
Banner so bright with starry light,
Float ever proudly from mountain to shore.
Emblem of freedom, hope to the slave,
Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save;
While thro' the sky loud rings the cry,
Union and Liberty!—one evermore.

Chorus—

Flag of the free! fairest to see,
Floating the fairest on ocean and shore,
Loud ring the cry! ne'er let it die,
Union and Liberty!—one evermore.

Flag of the brave, long may it wave,
Chosen of God, while His might we adore;
In Liberty's van for manhood of man.
Symbol of right thro' the years passing o'er.
Told by the sages, promised of yore,
Flower of the ages, fade never more!
Emblem of Union, kissed by the sun,
All hail "Old Glory!" the Many in One.

Chorus—

(*Enter Attendant Spirit.*)

SPIRIT.

Fair Liberty, two men from foreign shores
Stand waiting entrance at your temple doors;
They would the face of Freedom's mistress see;
What shall my answer to their message be?

LIBERTY.

Admit them at once.

(*Exit Spirit.*)

Our doors are open wide:
Let the whole world flock in at every side!
Remember Liberty with smiling face,
Can look on every tongue, and creed, and race.

(*Re-enter Spirit with German and Irishman.*)

LIBERTY.

Men from a foreign shore, be free of speech,
Tell us at once what blessings you would reach;
The first: What would you—man whose ruddy face
Shows that yours is the grand old Saxon race?

GERMAN.

Oh, Goddess fair, my dreams long haf you filled,
Und needer kings nor poverty has chilled
De prave old Cherman search for liberty,
Vich to mine gountry now turns inshtingtively.
No goots haf I. But mit mine hardy hands,
I'll clear dy broad and virgin lands:
Beside mine Schiller place dy Vashington;
Beside dy Carbine shtack my needle gun.

LIBERTY.

'Tis bravely said. I know you'll keep your word,
And seal it too, if need be, with your sword.
Your frugal grace I prize. Go choose your spot,
And in a twelvemonth own a house and lot.
And you, the next, speak boldly as you can—
What do *you* want, good looking Irishman?

IRISHMAN.

Be jabers! does her honor schpake to me?
Come, Patrick, where's your manners? Mem, you see
A bit of land I'm wanting—not too big—
Where I can raise some praties and a pig
On my own turf. No landlords, do ye mind,
For thim and scarlet coats, I left behind.
I'll wear the blue, except upon my soul,

Just one green sprig for this top button hole,
You'll not mind that. My motto's asy said:
The blue above the green, but the green above the red.

LIBERTY.

Well, take it, Paddy. Go and pick the best
On the free prairies of the great North-west.
Oh, Erin! that a sister queen must rise
To rule thee, sorrowing isle! But, Paddy, wipe your eyes,
Be a good neutral. Honor every law,
And don't be over-fast to annex Canada.
My children, let these men of Europe hear,
What the three colors are to Union dear.

SEMI-CHORUS AND CHORUS.

Air: "Red, White and Blue."

Three colors there are in our banner,
And long they have floated in pride,
From the ice of the North to the tropics,
Fair Liberty's beacon and guide.
They were born in the heavens above us;
Every morning revives them anew;
In the eyes, lips, and cheeks of our maidens
Ever flourish the red, white and blue.

Chorus—

Then hurrah for the Red, White and Blue!
And hurrah for the Red, White and Blue!
As the glory and boast of our banner,
Ever flourish the Red, White and Blue!

IRISHMAN.

The blissed Goddiss, there, called me Paddy. How did she know I was Irish! I was flatterin' meself that she'd take me for an Italian—Garibaldy in disguise. Thim's a fine lot o' girls anyhow; I wonder if any av 'em is named Bridget?

SONG.

Air: "Finnegan's Wake."

Bedad! it's meself that's quite overcome
To see so manny illegant girls—
So trim and nate, so fair and schwate,
They deck the floor like a string of pearls.
And there's the Goddiss, mighty grand,
Yet mild as a lovely dawn in May,
No wonder the Irish bloods like me
Can't help but sail for Amerikay.

Chorus—

Whack, hurrah, what lovely craytures
Greet poor Pat as he comes ashore,
God bless the day the Goddiss made me
An Irish Yankee for evermore.

I'll work a year and save me wages,
Thin send for the folks I left behind,
I love ould Erin, but it's mighty cheerin'
To shnap your thumb at the John Bull kind.
I'll build your railroads, dhrive your coaches,
Dig canals and vote betimes;
And if it's fight—arrah! FIGHT, it is,
That word with Irish pleasures chimes.

Chorus —

Whack, hurroo, bow to the ladies,
Isn't this a time for joy,
The day that knocks a British badge off,
And makes a man of an Irish boy.

LIBERTY.

Dismiss them now, they know us as we are,
For them, and all, shines out our Western star.

IRISHMAN.

Hello! there, Dutchy; is that a nadle gun, I dunno?

GERMAN.

Yah, dot ish a needle gun, I know. Yoost oxamine oof
dot gun.

IRISHMAN.

A nadle gun, is it? Och, wirra, wirra, whist, but it's a
beauty. But I say, Dutchy, where's the nadle, and what
kind o' cotton d' ye thread it wid?

GERMAN.

I thread him mit gun-cotton.

IRISHMAN.

Turf and ages! Luk out that ye don't be wortsted in
that. Now, *here's* something that I wouldn't give for
forty nadle guns. It never misses fire. (*Shaking shilla-*
lah.)

(Enter Negro)

NEGRO.

Weigahts, Landsman.

GERMAN.

Mein Himmell! Vos is dis? You been Deutsche?

NEGRO.

Yah; ich been Deutsche.

GERMAN.

How you get so schwartz, so plack mit your looks?

NEGRO.

Dis am sunburn, yah, yah, yah! I did left Yarmany swansy year ago. All Yarman's gots dis vay ven dey vas in dis gountry finif years.

GERMAN.

Ach! I can't sthand dis! I goes me back to Deutschland mit de next Bremen steamer. (Exit German)

NEGRO.

Yah, yah, yah! I didn't use to hab a Dutch oberseer for nuffin.

IRISHMAN.

You fooled Dutchy purty nate, upon me sowl, but ye can't desave me. Don't be claimin' to be a counthryman o' mine, blasht y'ere schmutty countenance.

NEGRO.

No, sah, not by no means; no danger, sah.

IRISHMAN.

Do ye wish to exercise your iveries at me anny furder, I dunno?

NEGRO.

No, sah! I didn't come here in the fust place to hold any condesation wid you. When I carry sassages anywhere it's to gemmen.

IRISHMAN.

Sassage, is it? Not sassage, it's message ye mane.

NEGRO.

Well, it's all de same.

IRISHMAN.

If ye were hungry ye wouldn't think so.

NEGRO.

Look yer, Mr. McManus, what brought you over to dis great American nation?

IRISHMAN.

Well, ye see, Mr. Lillywhite, yesterday I landed at Castle Gharden, today I paid me respects to the Goddiss, and tomorrow—tomorrow, be jabers, I'll be a policeman.

(Exit Irishman)

SONG FOR NEGRO.

Air: "Dearest May."

Oh! White folks does you see me,
 You b'leeves I'se mighty gay,
But you'd not laugh, I reckons,
 Was your children fixed dis way;
'Tis true I pick de banjo,
 And dance de shuffle reel,
Yet pray don't tink de nigger boy
 No shame nor hope can feel.

De Lord, he show us signs,
 Some day we shall be free;
De Norf wind tell it to de pines,
 De wild duck to de sea.

(Exit Negro)

(Enter Negro Boy)

LIBERTY.

Here is another, not an alien, true,
And yet he must be heard. Well, what would you?

NEGRO BOY.

He! he! I'se little Sambo—don't you see?
Good ebenin', white folks—what you tink of me?

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Well! Isn't he pretty?

MASSACHUSETTS.

No. All smutty-faced;
But honest hearts oft homely forms have graced.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

You're quite poetic o'er his woolly poll.

GEORGIA.

Ha! ha! These Yankees are so *very* 'droll.

MASSACHUSETTS.

He is not fair nor pleasant to the eye,
But has the right of happiness. Can you that truth deny?

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Oh! I don't care what your fine thoughts may be,
I *own* him; he shall *always* work for me.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Shame, sister, shame.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Hold your tongue!

LIBERTY.

Peace, children, peace;
Pray let this hot and angry quarrel cease.
This is incredible! What of the vow,
The fervent pledge you registered just now?

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Come, boy.

MASSACHUSETTS.

You shall not take him for a slave.
His right to freedom the Great Father gave.

GEORGIA.

If Carolina wants that little nig,
Why she may have him—so don't *you* look big.

VERMONT.

I say she shan't.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

I say I will.

MASSACHUSETTS.

You won't.

GEORGIA.

You'll see.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

There'll be a pretty row, then, if I don't.

LIBERTY.

What bitter words are these? Is this the end
Of all you vowed to honor and defend?
Is this America? Or can this be the
Great Republic where men boast they're free?
O, shame, shame, shame! that in one mad dispute
You'd lay the blighting axe at Freedom's root.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

I wanted him to hoe my cotton field,
And I to such disgrace will never yield!

MASSACHUSETTS.

What will you do about it?

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Go away,
And have no friendship with you from this day.

LIBERTY.

That word is *treason*.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Be it treason then,
I'll never follow with that pack again.

GEORGIA.

(Coming to her)

Nor I!

FLORIDA.

(Coming to her)

Nor I!

MISSISSIPPI.

(Coming to her)

Nor I!

LOUISIANA.

(Coming to her)

Nor I!

ALABAMA.

(Coming to her)

Nor I!

TEXAS.

(Coming to her)

And once again the Lone Star flag I'll fly.

LIBERTY.

Why, all of you seven must be mad, I fear,
Where are you going?

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Anywhere but here.

MASSACHUSETTS.

You'll change your mind.

VERMONT.

Yes, spiteful things, you will
Although you boast that five to one you'll kill.

LIBERTY.

Silence! have you no feeling left of good?
Have you forgotten all of olden blood?
Is all the glory gone from Eutaw's fight?

To those who live on Boston's storied height?
Will Carolina--*dare* she, if she will—
Forget the clustering thoughts of Bunker Hill?
Can't be that foes grow up from dearest friends,
And one sad hour a nation's welfare ends!
Forget your quarrel! There—shake hands and kiss,
And laugh next hour at what was wrong in this.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

No, never!

MASSACHUSETTS.

Then naught remains to do,
But grasp our spears and *run* each traitor through.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Come on, I'd like to see you do it, Miss!
The rattlesnake is rousing—hear him hiss!
A storm is shaking the palmetto tree,
I'd like to see you shake a spear at *me*!

VERMONT.

Don't talk of going out or I shall strike.

GEORGIA.

We *will* go out. Now try it if you like.

NEW YORK.

Put down your spears. Before you tempt your fate
Remember *I* am here—the *Empire State*!
Old Saratoga's battle field is green,

But I remember all that soil has seen.
And not a drop of kindred blood shall flow,
But *both* sides number *me* a deadly foe.

LIBERTY.

Are you persuaded to your duty?

SOUTH CAROLINA.

No;

We've said that we go out, and out we go.

(Cotton State secedes)

(Re-enter Attendant Spirit in alarm)

SPIRIT.

Oh, mistress, mistress, all our hope is lost,
Built up through all these years at heavy cost!
Against Fort Sumter hear the cannon roar,
And blood runs down the streets of Baltimore.

LIBERTY.

My children, oh, my children, can it be?
You kill yourselves, alas, and murder me.

(Enter Messenger)

SONG—"THE FIRST GUN IS FIRED."

SUNG BY MESSENGER.

The first gun is fired.
May God protect the right.
Let the free-born sons of the North arise

In power's avenging might!
Shall the glorious Union our fathers made,
 By ruthless hands be sundered,
And we of freedom's sacred rights
 By trait'rous foes be plundered?
Arise! Arise! Arise!
 And gird ye for the fight,
And let our watchword ever be,
 May God protect the right.

[*End of First Part*]

PART II.

SCENE IV.

GODDESS OF LIBERTY, *lamenting her situation. Truth and Justice consoling her.*

LIBERTY.

Woe is upon me! I am sore distraught!
And weep o'er the sorrows which I have not sought,
For more than fifty years the South has held full sway
In governing this Nation; oblivious of the day
When the North would awaken and justly purge itself
Of further degradation from envious Southern pelf.
The Southern men became daily more domineering;
More insolent, irrational, haughty in appearing;
Scornful of Justice, and, with pride, send forth
A bitter, unjust hatred of the North.
So long they've cracked their whips o'er Southern slaves,
They now essay the same o'er Northern braves.
They think themselves of a superior race,
And take advantage of the North's desire for peace;
The South, by aid of Northern merchants, o'er whom its
interests tower,
Was true unto the Union, so long as each election gave it
power.
But when the balance-wheel of Time turned justly round,
No virtue in the Union then was to be found.
So long as Presidencies, foreign missions, consulates,
Army and Navy places filled their hands,

Secession's blighting breath, strange to relate,
Was not found stalking through the land.
But, when the wheels of progress mark the industrious
North,
Treason's blighting poison then goes quickly forth.
They rob our treasury; despoil our army stores,
And send our weakened Navy off to foreign shores.
With mouthings of "Southern Rights" the land deluge,
And hold up the woolly negro as a subterfuge.
I'll call my other children and with them confer;
And ask them to freely aid me or demur:

(To Attending Spirit)

Fair Spirit: hie thee to the farthest bound
Of my domain; and see if there be found
A sister State who, full and free,
Will come to aid her Mistress—Liberty!

(Exit Spirit)

(Enter Spirit)

SPIRIT.

From Maine to California I have swiftly flown,
And all of the loyal States are quickly come.

(Enter Northern States)

LIBERTY.

Welcome, my children, may your presence bless
And cheerfully dispel my sore distress:
Disunion threatens, and the Southern States
Have turned their backs and gone without our gates.
Fort Sumter's walls have crumbled to the dust!
What shall we do those walls to re-adjust?

MAINE.

Maine stands before you with an open hand,
To drive Secession from our beloved land.

VERMONT.

Vermont will not be far behind in this,
And stamp out South Carolina's serpent hiss.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

New Hampshire's granite hills resound the cheers,
That gives to thee, fair Liberty, prolonged years.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Massachusetts comes amid the cannon's roar,
To avenge her blood that flecked the streets of Baltimore.

NEW YORK.

The Empire State—the gateway from the sea,
Is ready at thy call, fair Liberty.

RHODE ISLAND.

Though small in stature for a work so vast,
Rhode Island's love is thine from first to last.

CONNECTICUT.

Connecticut's sons are ready; hear them cry?
Lead on to victory, or else we die.

NEW JERSEY.

New Jersey, remembering the deeds on Trenton's field,
Never to Secession's blighting call will yield;

Her sons are ever loyal to the laws that stand
For Freedom, Justice, and thy righteous cause.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Pennsylvania, the peaceful land of William Penn,
Stands ready with one hundred thousand men.

OHIO.

Ohio's sturdy sons are ready to a man,
To follow the lead of Sherman and Phil Sheridan.

MICHIGAN.

No sister of this realm shall say
That MICHIGAN has made delay;
Her sons are ready to meet any fate,
And she'll send the flower of the "Pine Tree State."

INDIANA.

Indiana, responsive to your call
Pledges her sons to bear the funeral pall
At treason's burial; and to a man
Will do their best to carry out that plan.
We pledge you MORTON'S every aid:
LEW WALLACE, with his swift brigade;
MILROY and HARRISON, with hearts so true,
She also dedicates to you.

MISSOURI.

Missouri, though not in full Freedom grown,
To her loyal duty needs not *be shown*;
Her loyal sons she pledges to a man,
And with them sends you "Lyon" in the van.

KENTUCKY.

Kentucky, her household torn in two,
Comes with whatever she can do;
Her children waver, are with discord riven,
But such as she has is freely given.

TENNESSEE.

Rough tho' our habitation be,
Loyalty still lives in TENNESSEE;
And with her sons, whose hearts for Union glow,
None is more loyal than her "Parson Brownlow."

KANSAS.

Kansas, the golden Sunflower State,
Sends thee a pledge for any fate;
Her loyal sons now ready stand
To guard thy far-off borderland.

NEBRASKA.

Nebraska's sons have heard War's dread alarm,
And each stand restless on their rolling farm;
Sound loud the trumpet, or but beat the drum,
And quickly to their country's aid they'll come.

MINNESOTA.

From out the strife on our frontier,
Minnesota brings the goodly cheer;
And from our golden fields of wheat,
We'll fill the larders of thy fleet.

WISCONSIN.

Wisconsin hails thee! Mistress dear,
With many a stalwart volunteer;
They come from farm and lumber camp,
And nothing can their ardor damp.

IOWA.

Iowa fears not the strife that
Now assails the Nation's life;
Let rebel hordes evolve their plan,
And we will meet them, man to man.

ILLINOIS.

ILLINOIS, the queen of all the west,
From her broad prairies pledges thee the best;
And with all that, we further pledge you then
An army of two hundred thousand men.
We gave you Lincoln, who in God's good plan,
Has proved himself a "Nature's Nobleman."
We'll send you Logan, with his heart of cheer,
The beau-ideal of the Soldier Volunteer;
OGLESBY, PALMER, GRIERSON and CARR,
Of brave and loyal hearts among the best, by far;
And, if the traitor's power you would quick supplant,
We'll send our patriot soldier, U. S. GRANT.

CALIFORNIA.

CALIFORNIA pledges to thee her patriot-hundred,
And in that promise feels she has not blundered;
But when her further share shall be foretold,
She'll pledge the products of her fields of gold.

OREGON.

From a land that's fair to look upon,
The land "Where rolls the Oregon,"
I pledge to thee, with heart sincere,
The stalwart sons of thy frontier;
And when the strife shall all be o'er,
And peace shall come to us again;
Our love, our hearts, our homes, our doors
Shall ope' to welcome all thy loyal men.

WASHINGTON.

From the mountains and vales of thy far-away frontier,
I come, with heart of hope and words of goodly cheer;
I bear the name of Old Virginia's favorite son,
And pledge the love and help of loyal WASHINGTON.

LIBERTY.

Thanks, my children, thanks, for this, thy helping hand;
Peace *shall* once more prevail throughout the land!
But how shall I lift my hand to scourge the crime?
And yet it must be done—and now's the time,
What, ho, there, Minister of Wrath, appear,
And let us plainly see the things we fear!

Ho, War! Come forth.

(Enter War)

WAR.

You call, and I am here.
I hear your voice, and yet long years have passed,
My gentle Mistress, since I heard it last.

LIBERTY.

Sound me that horn that's hanging at your side,
To send the warlike summons far and wide.
From sea to mountain and the plains beyond;
Call all my children—see if they respond.

SONG—"OUR COUNTRY'S IN DANGER."

WAR.

Come with your sabres, come with your guns,
Our country's in danger and calls for her sons;
Stay not for the harvest, turn back from the plow,
Our country's in danger and calls for you now.



WAR.

Hark, scarce a moment has conveyed the sound,
And yet their coming thunder shakes the ground.

LIBERTY.

They hear—they answer—it is true indeed,
They do not all desert me in my need!

(Enter Military)

CHORUS—"TO OUR COUNTRY IN DANGER."

We're coming, we're coming,
We hear the loud cry;
We'll rescue our country,
We'll save her or die.

LIBERTY.

Welcome, my braves! reluctant was the word
That bade you draw again the deadly sword.
No argument avails this breach to heal,
So welcome, warriors, with your glistening steel.
Do you still love the flag?

RALLYING SONG—"THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM."

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom;
We will rally from the hill-side, we'll gather from the plain,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

Chorus—

The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitors, up with the star,
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

NEW YORK.

The flower of all our manhood flew to arms,
When first your trumpet blew war's shrill alarms,
Our young men are our jewels, yet to thee
We dedicate them all, fair Liberty.
With iron men we'll storm the barricade,
With iron gunboats thread the grim blockade.
The North will press with army and with fleet,
Till the blue waters of the Gulf we greet.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Air: "Tramp, Tramp."

Oh! we heed the trumpet call,
We are coming one and all;
Each patriot heart has sworn thy banner bright
Shall float from sea to sea,
And its folds be shaken free
From the traitor hand that would its glory blight.

Chorus—

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the States are marching,
Hark, they gather near and far,
With the music's thrilling clash
And the musket's vivid flash,
And the flag o'erhead that blazons every star.

Though the victory be delayed,
We will never be dismayed;
Thru' sunshine and thru' storm we'll press the fray
While a drop runs in our veins,
Or a jewel yet remains,
We'll proudly yield them up to win the day.

Chorus—"Tramp," etc.

(Enter Seceded States)

MASSACHUSETTS.

What is't you want, you quick returning seven?
Come back, already, then, to be forgiven?

SONG—SOUTHERN TO BORDER STATES.

Air: "Marseilles Hymn"

Ye sister States, the South hath spoken:
Hark! hark! your kindred bid you rise.
Our fate is cast, the thrall is broken,
Behold our flag, how free it flies:
Shall Northern tyrants e'er dissever
The ties that knit our plighted band,
Lay waste or crush our sunny land,
And make us deadly foes forever?
To arms! ye South, to arms!
The world thrills at the call:
March on! march on! triumph with us:
Or proudly, nobly fall.

TENNESSEE, NORTH CAROLINA AND ARKANSAS.

(Go over to Seceded States)

VIRGINIA HESITATES.

NEW YORK.

Oh, stop, Virginia; do not go, I pray.

NEW JERSEY.

Pause, pause, Virginia—drive this thought away.
Don't go at least until we try once more
To win you from the path that leads to war.

CHORUS—LOYAL STATES TO VIRGINIA.

Air: "Belle Brandon."

There's a home down in old Virginia,
By the fair Potomac's woody shore,
Where the hearts of the nation are turning,
And the world shall be looking evermore.
In that home lived the father of his country!
There the home of his children yet must be!
Oh, that grave must belong to his people—
Mount Vernon's the Mecca of the Free.

VIRGINIA.

I had a motive stronger than you all
To keep me ever at the Union's call;
Fortune to me the highest honor gave,
I furnished Washington a birthplace and a grave.

(Goes over to Seceded States)

SOUTH CAROLINA.

There's four, at least, have answered to our call,
A little longer we shall have them *all*.

VERMONT.

Will you? I should like to see you do it then!
You win no battles, and you've got no *men*!

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Oh, don't we! Very nice that game will be!
Where's *Stonewall Jackson*? What d'ye think of *Lee*?
Seen *Morgan* lately? What last Yankee load
Went into Richmond by the *Moseby* road?

You have more men and rations, I confess,
And rather beat us marching, too, I guess;
For it took you three good days to reach Bull Run,
While to return you needed only one.

OHIO.

Oh, pray proceed; your taunts we won't repress,
For out of failure we will pluck success.
To win we've wholly pledged our treasures vast,
And he laughs best, remember, who laughs last.
We've dashed your monarch Cotton from his throne,
And still our granaries with plenty groan;
Our gallant boys have plumpest haversacks,
And pockets lined with good-as-gold greenbacks.
Disparage Lee we will not, maybe can't;
Only we'll rout him with our U. S. Grant,
Who late at Vicksburg raised the conqueror's shout,
And now on this line coolly fights it out.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Don't be too sure of that!

OHIO.

Of course not. No!
But will you show me *where Grant once let go?*

LIBERTY.

There, that will do. Pray let the record be
What you can do to foes beyond the sea.
Who knows that while you raise the noisy din,
Some foreign foes, invited, may step in
And dim the sod upon your fathers' graves,
By making you and all your children slaves.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

We're not afraid.

VIRGINIA.

Hem. I don't quite know
How that would do—to brook a foreign foe.

NEW YORK.

I know, then. Europe ne'er gains fame or spoil
By planting hostile foot on western soil.

SOLO AND CHORUS—"THE REALM OF THE WEST."

Have you heard of the beautiful realm of the West,
Encircled by oceans and kissed by the sun?
Have you heard of the nations that thrive on her breast,
Bright heirs of her grandeur, the "Many in One"?

Chorus—

Kings cannot govern this land of our choice,
Liberty loves us and peace is our guest;
Shout for the Union with heart and with voice,
God is our king in this Realm of the West.

Have you seen our brave men? They are noble and true;
The fame has gone forth of the deeds they have done,
For when right led the van to the conflict they flew,
And victory greeted the "Many in One."

Chorus—"Kings cannot govern," etc.

(*Exit Southern States*)

(*Enter Negro Boy*)

NEGRO BOY.

Well, white folks, here I is again, you see,
I golly, dis nigger now am clar made free.
I'm no great scholar, but I've learned to spell,
And dis am my fust lesson! Yah, yah! well,
'Twas Massa Lincum writ dis to de nation,
And called it de 'Mancipation Proclamation.
And from dat day we've lub'd de Yankee Boys,
To serbe and shield dem was our greatest joys.
We baked dem de corn bread till de meal was out,
Helped dem from prison, hid de wounded scout;
Cooked for de Captain and de sojers' mess,
And done a little fightin', too, I guess.
I'm lookin' now for somefin dat'll pay,
Somefin 'spectable—terms—two dollars a day.
Who wants me? What's dat? Well, if I can't trade
I'll list as corporal in de black brigade.

(*Exit Negro Boy*)

SCENE V.

(*Scene on the Outpost. Sentinel on Guard*)

(*Grand Rounds Approaching*)

SENTINEL.

Halt! Who comes there?

OFFICER.

Grand Rounds.

SENTINEL.

Advance, Officer of the Day, and give the countersign.
(*He does so*)

SENTINEL.

Countersign is correct; advance, Rounds.

OFFICER.

Sentinel, the safety of the army depends upon your vigilance tonight. Is all thus far well upon the Outpost?

SENTINEL.

All is well, sir, and quiet reigns.

OFFICER.

Tomorrow's battle will be a decisive one; Columbia looks to all her sons to do their duty and will not fear the result. Be vigilant.

SENTINEL.

Vigilance is the price of Liberty. Columbia's honor is dearer to her sons than life.

(*Exit Grand Rounds*)

SONG—"JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER."

BY SENTINEL.

Just before the battle, mother,
I am thinking most of you;
While upon the field we're watching,
With the enemy in view.

Comrades brave are round me lying,
Filled with thoughts of home and God;
For well they know that on the morrow,
Some will sleep beneath the sod.

Chorus--

Farewell, mother, you may never
Press me to your heart again;
And oh, you'll not forget me, mother,
If I'm numbered with the slain.

Oh, I long to see you, mother,
And the loving ones at home;
But I'll never leave our banner,
'Till in honor I can come;
Tell the traitors all around you,
That their cruel words we know,
In every battle kill our soldiers,
By the help they give the foe.

Chorus--

Hark, I hear the bugle sounding,
'Tis the signal for the fight;
Now may God protect us, mother,
As He ever does the right;
Hear the battle cry of freedom,
How it swells upon the air,
Yes, we'll rally round the Standard,
Or we'll perish nobly there.

Chorus--

(Curtain on Sentinel)

* * * * *

SCENE VI.

(*Same as Scene IV.*)

GODDESS OF LIBERTY AND STATES ASSEMBLED.

(*Re-enter Rebel States pursued by War*)

WAR.

My work is done. Desolation reigns
In crowded cities and on fertile plains,
The nation's wealth is fading like a mist,
War rules, and nothing can the fate resist.

LIBERTY.

His words are true. Lost children, doomed of heaven,
Kneel lowly down—you yet may be forgiven.

. (*Southern States, all kneeling, sing*)

PRAYER—CHORUS.

Air: “Old Hundred.”

Father in Heaven! in peace look down;
Withdraw once more thine angry frown;
Forgive the sins our lives that stain,
And make us happy once again.

(*Enter First Messenger with dispatch. Hands it to Liberty*)

LIBERTY.

Shout all! the long tried work at last is done!
LEE has surrendered and the fight is won.

(*All cheer*)

My erring children, God has heard your prayer,
And once again returned you to our care!
Thy fault we'll e'en forget, the past forgive;
And all once more in glorious Union live.
O God, look down upon the land thou lov'st so well,
And grant that in unbroken Union we may dwell;
Nor, while the hills are green and streams flow thru' the
vale,
May we our fathers' faith forget, or in their covenant fail.
Keep, O God, the fairest land that lies beneath the sun—
"Our country, our whole country, and our country, ever
one."

WAR.

My time is up, my sword has lost its edge,
When all once more resume the Union pledge.

(Exit War)

(Enter Army of the Potomac and Sherman's Bummers)

SONG AND CHORUS.

Air: "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

When Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah, hurrah,
We'll give him a hearty welcome then, hurrah, hurrah.
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay, now Johnny comes marching home.

Let love and friendship on this day, hurrah, hurrah,
Their choicest treasures now display, hurrah, hurrah,
And let each one perform some part,
To fill with joy the warrior's heart,
And we'll all feel gay, now Johnny comes marching home.

SOLDIER.

Fair Liberty, our work is done!
The conflict's o'er, the battle's won,
We've sheltered our beloved land,
And saved it from Secession's hand.
No more shall dread war's shrill alarms
Call us again to take up arms
To clash with kindred, neighbors, friends,
And swell the tumult to which discord lends.
From cruel warfare, we now ask release,
And once again we'll tread the paths of peace.

LIBERTY.

All hail, thou bronzed heroes! Hail my glorious braves;
Hail to the battle flag that o'er you waves!
Thy valor plants it where no others fly,
And blazons it with matchless victory.
All's saved, my children; and by Heaven's good will,
Still other stars our Nation's sky shall fill.
All praise to God, let the chorus rise,
Loud and proudly to the favoring skies,
When Union triumphs and Disunion dies.

CHORUS—"TO THEE, O COUNTRY."

To thee, O country great and free,
With trusting hearts we cling;
Our voices tuned by joyous love,
Thy power, thy power and praises sing,
Thy power and praises sing;
Upon thy mighty faithful heart,
We lay, we lay our burden down;
Thou art the only friend who feels
Their weight without a frown.

For thee we daily work and strive,
 To thee we give our love;
For thee with fervor deep we pray
 To Him who dwells above.
O God, preserve our father-land,
 Let Peace, let Peace its ruler be,
And let her happy kingdom stretch
 From north to southmost sea.

(Here follows dance by attending Sprites, if desirable. In the midst of dance, enter Second Messenger)

SECOND MESSENGER.

Hold! do not speak one word of joy or peace!
Let all the new-born hopes of Freedom cease!
Our President, beloved of all the land,
Lies foully murdered by a traitor's hand.

ILLINOIS.

Alas! alas! this truly is the worst.
Of all the deeds that history's page has curst!
To slay the great and brave, just when he stood
Proclaiming mercy for the whole land's good!
Give me my dead—the precious dust return
To me—to me. In honor's costliest urn
I'll place it tenderly and guard it well,
 And water it with tears.

LIBERTY.

Men die, but the Nation's living still,
And has a thousand years, in God's good will.
Cherish the lesson of this chastening day,
For treason cannot blight nor murder slay

The fair young Freedom, who this many a year
Has truly blest this western Hemisphere.
Our Nation's golden sunrise seems to break,
And weds in glory, river, cliff, and lake.
The springs that rise and travel to the sea
Shall touch no shores that know not Liberty.
Errors shall be forgotten, discord cease,
For Union triumphs! Welcome, dove-eyed Peace.

(Enter Peace)

PEACE.

God of Peace! whose spirit fills
All the echoes of the hills,
All the murmur of our rills,
Now the storm is o'er;
Oh, let Freemen be our sons,
And let future Washingtons
Rise to lead their valiant ones,
Till there's war no more.

SONG.

Air: "Star Spangled Banner."

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand,
Between their loved homes and war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven rescued land
Praise the power that has made and preserved us a
Nation.

Semi-Chorus—

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust."

Full Chorus—

And the Star Spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The ship of war, in peace is anchored once again,
And storms of strife no longer press her main!

How beautiful she is! How fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!

Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt and fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives,
Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,

Who made each mast, each sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee.

And henceforth, over hill and plain
Shall wave the "Flag Without a Stain."

* * * * *

GRAND CHORUS—"THE FLAG WITHOUT A STAIN."

For years and years, I've waved o'er my people!
O'er land and sea, over church-tower and steeple;
Foremost in battle, proudly I reign,
Triumphant now o'er thee, without one stain.
O, how I trembled when called alone to stand;
But brave hearts sustained me, to wave o'er the land!

Oh, my America, O, my America,
Proudly I wave o'er thee,
Sweet land of liberty;
Oh, my America, O, my America,
Proudly I wave o'er thee,
Sweet land of liberty.

No flag on earth shall insult this nation!
Justice and right, shall e'er be our relation;
No creed or sect shall here ever reign,
While floats the Stars and Stripes, without one stain.
Stars that were blotted are shining once again,
The Angel of Peace has wiped out the stain!

Oh, my America, O, my America,
Proudly I wave o'er thee,
Sweet land of liberty.

Oh, my America, O, my America,
Proudly I wave o'er thee,
Sweet land of liberty.

[END]

GRAND FINAL TABLEAU OF PEACE.

Center Piece.

1. Goddess of Liberty. Truth and Justice crowning maimed soldier.
2. Attendant Spirit kneeling.
3. War overcome and prostrate.
4. Washington in background overlooking the scene, surrounded by little girls who strew his path with flowers.

Right of Center (from the Audience)

1. Peace, hoped for, and at last attained.
2. Ceres, Goddess of the harvest, bearing sheaf of wheat.
3. Soldier and lady, the absent returned, and group listening to the hero's story.

4. Illinois confronted by a messenger, who brings the sad tidings of Lincoln's martyrdom, and offers consolation.

Left Center (from Audience)

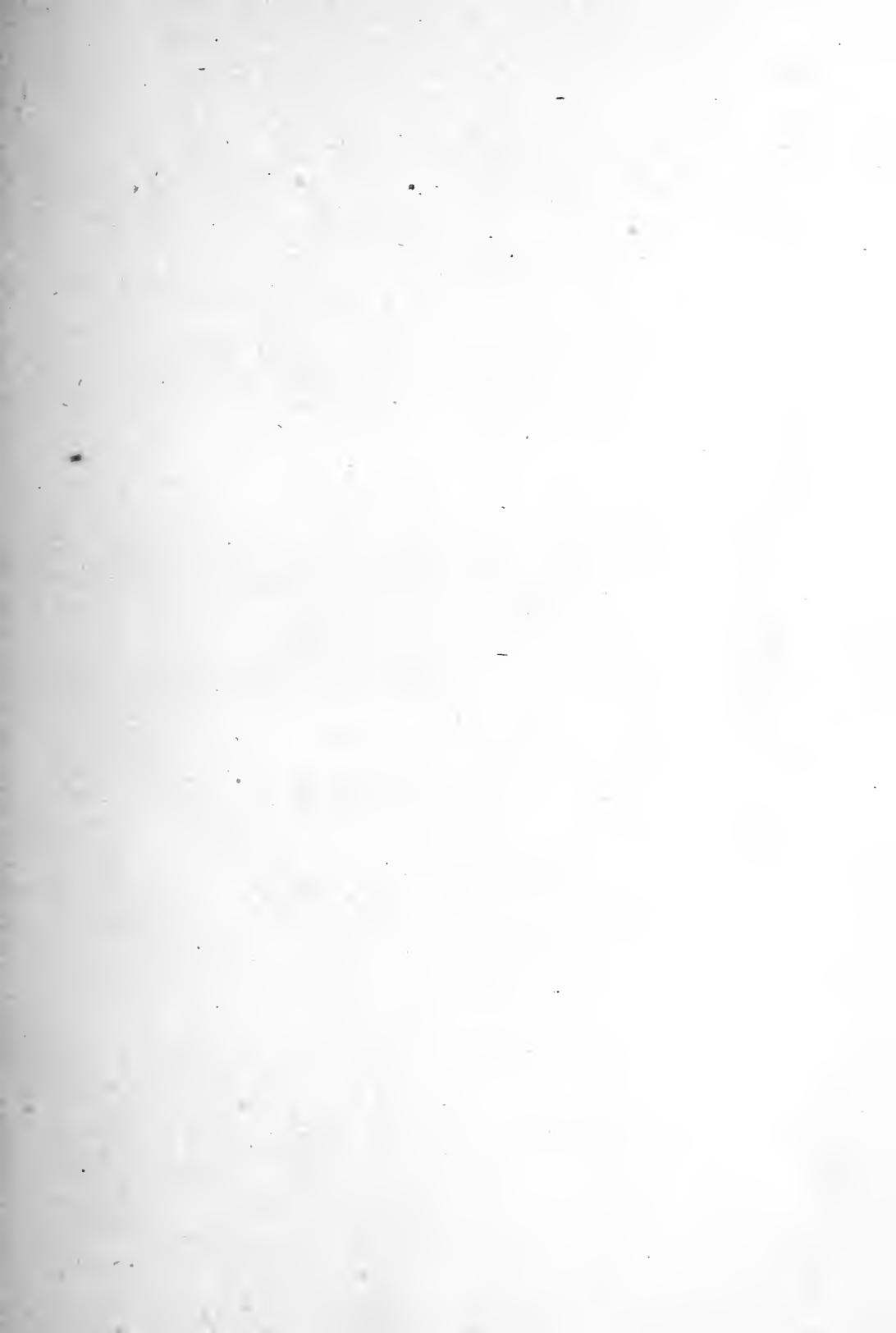
1. Massachusetts and South Carolina, out of the deadly breach, now clasp hands over the negro freed from bondage.
2. Group listening to a soldier just returned from the war, who tells of a brother soldier's heroism and his death.
3. Columbus describing the planets to an Indian group.

Miscellaneous Disposition.

1. On the extreme right and left of the stage are the soldiers of the army of the Potomac, Sherman's Bummers, and other "boys in blue," who have stacked arms and rejoice that the conflict is over.
2. In the rear, the States, arranged North and South alternately, with spears crossed once again in the bonds of peace and fraternal Union.
3. Still further in the rear are trains of Soldiers, viewing the scene as one of bright promise to the whole nation.
4. Emigrants—Germans and Irishmen, Pilgrims, etc., etc.







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